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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"I WAS at a loss what to do; prudence counselled me to fly; but love got the better, and I determined to carry her into the city, that by proper care she might be recovered. I waited impatiently till the first dawn of morning appeared, when the gates being open, I placed the chest upon my horse, and entered the city, without knowing where to find a lodging. The morning was now advancing, when I luckily perceived a caravansera in the market-place. I entered it immediately, and committing my horse to the care of the landlord, procured an apartment, into which I carried the chest, with my thoughts wholly bent on the recovery of the lady. I laid her on the bed, and then ran out for a surgeon. Chance directed me to the house of a very skilful one, whom I found surrounded by his apprentices, who were busily employed in preparing and making up all sorts of medicines. Going up to him, I made him a salaam, and told him I had a sick person at home, who was so ill he was unable to move, and that if he would take the trouble to come along with me, and exert his skill in his recovery, he should be amply rewarded. He consented, and accompanied me to the caravansera, where, upon beholding this beautiful creature, he was struck dumb with astonishment for some time; but recovering from his surprise, he gave me such a blow on the ear as I shall never forget. It instantly occurred to me that the lady was known to him, and I gave myself up for lost. Already had I resigned myself to the punishments I knew would be inflicted on me for her supposed murder, when he exclaimed: "Wretch, how could you treat so barbarously this incomparable beauty?" I fell at his feet, and kissing his hand, replied, "God is witness I never did her the smallest harm. This ill-fated woman is my sister, we are natives of Yemen, and were on our pilgrimage to Mecca, with our parents, and a company of friends, when last night we were attacked by a band of robbers, who showed us no mercy. I alone saved myself and effects by flying, and concealing myself in a wood till they departed with their booty. Upon returning to the spot with a foreboding heart, to learn the fate of my friends, I found them all lying bathed in blood; their souls borne away in the whirlwind of death; and their bodies left to rot in the desert. Whilst I stood oppressed with grief at the melancholy sight, I heard a groan, and running to the place from whence it came, I discovered my sister lying among the slain, almost dead. I snatched her head to my bosom, when she opened her eyes, and seemed to recognize me. Seeing she alone showed any signs of life. I instantly emptied my chest of my goods, and laying her in it, I put it upon my horse, and arrived with her here this morning, in hopes that she may still recover, and prove a sweet remembrance to me of my dear parents." By this tale I appeased the surgeon, and then added, if she should be recovered by his care, whatever he demanded should be paid him, whenever some merchandize I expected, should arrive; 'and God also,' said I, 'will grant you a high reward.'

"When he heard this precarious bargain, he said, 'My son, whoever meddles with this woman, will be deemed an accomplice in her murder; and with these words he ran out of the caravansera, and left me in the deepest affliction at what I should do. 'Perhaps,' said I to myself, 'I may still be able to move his compassion, if I again go and intreat him to return.' With this intention, I once more left the caravansera, when my ears were struck with the loud voices and mirth of the camel-drivers, and the first my eyes met, was the very camel-driver to whom I had committed the charge of my merchandize. He also observed me, and enquiring of my place of abode, carried all my goods into my apartment. For this fortunate event I returned thanks to God, and taking a specimen in my hand, I went to the surgeon, and shewed him it as a part of the goods I had expected; telling him, at the same time, that if he would come quickly along with me, and try to recover my unfortunate sister while she yet lived, he should now be well repaid for his trouble. To this he assented, and coming along with me to the caravansera, where my bales of goods lay, his covetous heart was satisfied with the sight. He then ordered warm water to be got ready, with which he bathed her limbs, and carefully sewing and binding up her wounds he told me he would return twice every day to dress them afresh. He, at the same time, desired me to take care she should not move, lest her wounds should burst open; and gave me a draught to pour down her throat every hour. Dervishes, from this time I never quitted her bed-side; but denied myself sleep and rest, day and night, in her service; and continually offered up my prayers to God, who is the physician of all. The surgeon, according to his promise, came twice every day; and by the end of ten days, she evidently appeared to be in a state of recovery. In about twenty days more, most of her wounds healed up, and she gathered strength rapidly.

I was now completely a captive to her beauty, and my heart was torn with a thousand inquietudes. Observing my distress, she besought me, with a look full of tenderness and affection, not to afflict myself. I fell at her feet, whilst a torrent of tears gushed from my eyes. 'God grant you patience,' said she, 'and me life and health, that I may be enabled to reward you for all your trouble.' In forty days the surgeon declared that her recovery was complete. I was overjoyed at hearing this, and spent the night, for the first time, in tranquil slumbers. Next morning, after prayers, she requested me to procure her a dish of dressed meat. Oh! dervishes, may my enemies never be in such a situation as I then was: during all her illness, she would not taste even a drop of water; and now that she desired a little food, alas! I had it not in my power to gratify her. All my money and effects were spent, and I had not even any thing I could pawn or sell. I hung my head through shame, and the tears gushed from my eyes. Guessing the cause, and looking tenderly at me, she bade me not to be disheartened for want of money, but only bring her pen and ink. She then wrote a note, which she desired me to carry to a jeweller's shop, which I would find in such a square of the city, and bring her whatever he should give me. I was in such distress, that I carried the note to him without examining its contents. When the jeweller had perused it, he kissed it, and put it on his eyes, as a mark of his compliance; then taking me by the hand, he led me to his house, which was at some distance from the shop. On our way there, he shewed me much attention; and on our arrival, left me in an elegant saloon, and went into his chamber.—In a few minutes he returned, followed by a slave, carrying on his head a covered dish, wrapped up in a fine brocade napkin. After apologizing for making me wait, he ordered the slave to attend me with the dish, and then to return. Provoked and vexed with what I saw, I said to myself, 'Alas! to what a condition am I reduced, that I must carry a letter to procure a dish of victuals!' Full of these thoughts, I arrived at the caravansera, and ordered the slave to set down the dish at the door of my apartment; I wiped the tears from my eyes, and carried it in. It felt very heavy, and upon my taking off the napkin to see what it contained, I discovered that the lid was silver; but astonishment got entirely the better of my ill-humour, when, upon lifting up the lid, a large quantity of gold fell out on every side. The sight, however, perplexed me very much, for I could not conceive who the lady could be, that, by simply writing a note, could procure so much gold from a jeweller, who never made any further enquiries concerning her. This adorable creature seeing me troubled, said, 'Be not vexed about this trifling sum; I know very well that you have spent all your money in my service; your attentions I shall never forget; and I trust I shall some day, have it in my power to reward you.' I fell at her feet, and returned her thanks. She then desired me to go and buy some victuals, which I accordingly bought for her; and when she had satisfied her hunger, she said, 'If your love for me is sincere, you must promise to obey my commands.' To this I cheerfully consented, and she desired me to go to the bazar, and buy two handsome suits for myself. When I hesitated a little, she asked me if I already repented of my promise, and swore by her precious soul, that if I did, it would break her heart. Seeing no remedy but to obey, I went to the bazar, and bought two suits of clothes, which, on account of their not being fine enough, she made me return, and I had to go several times before I could please her. She then ordered me to go to the bath, and dress myself in my new clothes. When I returned, she received me with the utmost kindness, embraced me, and made me sit down by her side. I wept through excess of happiness, and she wiped the tears from my eyes. Oh! dervishes, if ever I tasted the sweets of love, it was then; I could have sacrificed my very life for her. 'You must now go,' said she, 'every day to the bazar, and get acquainted with the architects there, that you may find out some convenient house to purchase for us, and bring me an account of every one you think may answer, lest you be cheated in the price.' Every morning, for one month, did I go, to no purpose, to the bazar, and converse with the architects, till at last I procured one to her satisfaction, for which she paid thirty thousand toumans of gold. I then, by her desire, purchased her a veil, which she put on, and giving some money to the people of the caravansera, we removed to our new house: she visited, and approved of every apartment, and made choice of one for herself. 'I must now,' said she, 'throw off my old clothes.' Pleased with these words, I was setting out to purchase her new apparel, when she called me back, and asked me if I knew where to get ready made clothes fit for her wearing.—I replied, 'Where in this world are clothes worthy of you? I must bring satin and brocade from paradise.' 'Near the king's palace,' said she, 'is a shop which supplies the court with dresses; there is always on hand there a great variety of every sort, and if you go to it, I suppose you will not be disappointed.' I ran out with inexpressible eagerness, and when I approached the king's palace, I perceived a most magnificent shop, finely gilded and adorned; all sorts of stuff, such as zerbust, diba, atlas, khara, and kemha, lying exposed to view, and the master of the shop, a young man of incomparable beauty, attended by a number of handsome slaves from the countries of Room, Hindostan, Khatai, and China. The sight of this beautiful youth, and the profusion of such valuable stuffs, struck me with astonishment; I went up to him, and made him a salaam, which he returned with so much grace and politeness, that I was ready to sink with confusion. He made me sit down upon an ivory couch, and entered into conversation with me in such an agreeable and friendly manner, that you would have thought our acquaintance had been of long standing. 'Is there any service,' said he, 'I can perform for you?' I replied, 'that I wished to purchase two dresses for a lady who lived with me.'

His slaves, by a signal from him, immediately brought before me a great variety of most beautiful stuffs, and out of these I chose the two that pleased me best, which they put in a box, and set beside me.

The young man then asked me if he could serve me in any thing else. I thanked him for his attention, and enquired the price of the two dresses. He replied, 'Thirty toumans of gold,' which I paid him on the spot, and gave also two ashurssees to his slaves. When he saw my liberal manner of payment, he looked at me with an eye of approbation, for it is well known, that, by cheapening, goods may be bought for much less money than is at first demanded. After musing for a time, 'Brother,' said he, 'of what country are you?' I told him I came from Yemen. 'I have a great desire,' said he, 'to spend an evening with you.' I excused myself as well as I could, telling him, that had it been in my power, I certainly would have waited on him, but that I could not leave a lady whom I had at home; and that besides, I was as yet a stranger in this city. He would listen to no apology whatever, and insisted so earnestly that I should spend the evening at his house, that I was obliged to give my promise I would return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBSERVATION.

TO talk of compelling a man to be good, is a contradiction; for where there is force, there can be no choice.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT:

A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONTINUED.)

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Inside of Williams's house; a knocking is heard at the door. Emma goes to the door; starts back, and shrieks. Enter George, leading in Merton.*

George. DON'T be frightened, young lady; this gentleman has been wounded. Beg Mrs. Williams to help me to dress his wound; he is faint.

Enter Mrs. Williams (alarmed by the shriek.)

Mrs. Williams. What is the matter?

Emma. O! Madam, this gentleman is badly wounded,—killed, I am afraid.

Mrs. Williams. Do not be uneasy, Emma, his wound may not be so bad as you imagine. [*Puts on her spectacles, and examines the wound.*] What weapon was it given with? who done it?

Merton. Robbers, Madam, and had not this worthy man saved me, I should have lost my life.

George. I didn't save your life; the thieves ran when they saw me coming; but it was well for them they did, or I would have popt one of them down at least.

Mrs. Williams. What weapon was used?

George. A club, Madam.

Mrs. Williams. I do not know what—— [*Enter Mary.*] Dear Mary, run over to neighbour Dixon's, and beg her to come and see if she can assist us here; she is a skilful woman.

Mary. Why what's the matter? who's this here gentleman?

Mrs. Williams. I'll tell you all in good time; but go now where I tell you, do Mary.

Mary. Indeed, I—I—I'm afeard.

George. Well never mind, I'll go, or the poor man will die for want of assistance, while we are talking.

Mrs. Williams. Stop, George, we will first remove the stranger to the next room. [*George assists, and exit all but Emma and Mary.*]

Emma. Why were you afraid to go to Dixon's? it is a fine night.

Mary. Yes—but——

Emma. But what, Mary?

Mary. But I'm afeard I'd see the ghost again; Dixon lives so near the sea-shore. T'other night it call'd after me, and asked me to wait for company.

Emma. And what did you say?

Mary. Why I didn't say any thing, not I; think I'd stay, and speak to a ghost, and be eat up; no, no, I ran as fast as I could back again, and met George Dixon; he laughed at me, but soon after he seen it himself, and then he run away too.

Emma. George Dixon run!

Mary. Yes, that he did; and so fast, I couldn't keep up with him; but I believe he only done it to frighten me, and make me go back with him, so as he might make up with me, and ask me to have him, for we—

Emma. Well never mind the rest now; do you know whose ghost it was?

Mary. Not I, indeed, but I suppose it was somebody that died, and left money buried, and wants somebody to dig it up, and set it's soul at rest; some wicked one, I guess.

Emma. [*Smiling.*] The ghost said, "Stop Mary, I will go with you," did it not?

Mary. Why yes it did; but how do you know? did you hear it too?

Emma. The ghost which frightened you so much, was myself.

Mary. You!

Emma. Yes, me; I was returning from the sea-shore, and called you.

Enter Mrs. Dixon, with some phials, a box, and bandages in her hand.

Mrs. Dixon. Where is this poor man? I will see what I can do for him.

Emma. In the next room. Come, Mary, our assistance may be wanting.

SCENE II.—*The edge of the wood, in the back ground a cave, in which the Robbers are seen sitting.—Time, night.—A storm, thunder, lightning, &c.*

1*st Robber.* We made but poor work of it, the other night; that fellow, I thought, was warm, he defended himself so well.

2*d Robber.* Warm or not, we got nothing out of him, I had his pocket-book, but I lost it in the hurry of our flight.

1*st Robber.* You careless puppy, you half-taught thief, lost it!

2*d Robber.* [*Rising.*] Puppy! half-taught thief! what do you mean?

1*st Robber.* Yes, you are a half-taught thief, or you would have let me put him out of the way at once, without speaking. You chicken-hearted dog, if we meet any more, don't let me see you put on your damned methodist face, or talk about mercy——

2*d Robber.* Hark, I think I heard a footstep; listen if any one is approaching; but if we must rob, let us not kill; we have done too much of that already.

1*st Robber.* Silence! be quiet, and mind what I told you.

Enter Hermit, Henry, Williams, and William on the fore-ground.

Henry. It is very dark; dark and heavy clouds are gathering, and portend a storm; already the lightning gleams around us, and the thunder rolls heavily over our heads, it will be a bad night, we must seek shelter in this wood, the day has been very hot; a shower will cool the air, but it will not be very pleasant to us.

Williams. It will be highly imprudent to remain here, trees are but poor shelter during a thunder-storm; we cannot be far from my house, let us proceed.

William. Ho! I see a light. I'll see if we can't stay here; there must be a house near; I'll go and see if we can't get a lodging. [*Goes to the cave, and enters.*]

Williams. There can be none nearer than mine, I believe. But what is this? [*Stops, and takes up a pocket-book.*] A prize, I guess; but I'll look in the morning.

William. [*Is attacked as he enters the cave, and cries,*] Help, help! Murder! [*They all rush in, rescue him, and secure the Robbers.*]

Henry. What shall we do with these villains?

William. Why knock their brains out, that will be the best.

Henry. Would you have them murdered in cold blood?

William. Why yes, and no worse than they deserve neither: why, master, if they'd a hammered you as they did me, you'd think so too.

All. We will secure them till morning, and have them conveyed to the nearest prison. [*Exit all.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Whispering in company is an act of ill-breeding. It seems to insinuate either that the persons who we would not wish should hear, are unworthy of our confidence, or it may lead them to suppose, we are speaking improperly of them; on both accounts, therefore, abstain from it." CHESTERFIELD.

TO THE DEFENDER OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

YOUR production is absolutely so dilated with contradictions; in most parts so foreign to the point, so inconsistent with the cause you espouse, it betrays such a *mental imbecility*, and such incongruity, that they are "perceptible at first glance."

You "regret" entering on a controversy of "so *little* importance," and yet in the very next period, you aver you fear the destructive tendencies it may have on the

youth, nay, of bringing into disrepute the "first great blessing of nature." Is it possible you could believe a subject of *so little* importance, productive of such direful effects.

Your next remark is no less virulent than false, that the "Young Bachelor" assumes an hypocritical tone, for the purpose of venting his "implacable resentment against the sex;" on the contrary, he only alludes to the guilty, for throughout his piece, he discriminates, "Ladies there are among you."—Does not this prove he had no intention of assuming, but did really and candidly express the feeling of his soul. On what authority do you arrogate to yourself the knowledge that he "sought favours without effect?" Is it from that bold and dignified sentiment, "he courted no favours, and expected none?" But this does not give the least colour to so gross a supposition. Are you not conscious you can adopt his words with reference to *me*, and yet "imbibe no implacable resentments?" For my part, I believe this is self-evident and incontrovertible.

Your criticism on his mentioning "no writer has wrote on the subject," I think it needless to spend time to enter into a formal refutation of, but will refer you to the second paragraph of the "Young Bachelor," where he expressly says, "it has *recently* become fashionable;"—how this could escape your "perceptive power," even at *second* glance, I am at a loss to divine.

As to your fulsome flattery, I have not patience to exhaust time on it, but refer you to the ironical and satirical "*Ann Lively*;" then let the "crimson blush o'erspread with shame your gallant cheek."

I pass over "mental enjoyments," "capacity of females," "scholastic learning," "mankind," "soft sex," and many other hyperbolical assertions, which "dance" through your piece in all the "mazes of puerilical confusion." Yet allow me to take notice of "man has been the principal cause of their faults." Pray, Sir, if man has been the cause, through the corruption of his heart, will you not allow him, after he has seen his error, to endeavour to convince them they are in one also? Will you not permit him to endeavour to bring them in *future* to pay a more scrupulous attention to the rules of politeness?"

You ask, "will any person candidly say that whispering and snickering are crimes?" I will lay before you the sentiments of one of the greatest judges, that ever wrote on politeness; he has in another part of his work, fully demonstrated, that the above are marks of ill-breeding, but I shall here subjoin what he says of ill-breeding, and which, of course, is applicable to whispering, &c.

"This, I own, has nothing in it criminal, but it is such an offence to good manners, and good breeding, that it makes a woman ridiculous in every company, and of course ought to be carefully avoided."

You ought certainly to refrain from practising any thing (be it ever so small) that is incompatible with politeness, and I am fully of opinion, the ladies would value your company, and enjoy more substantial pleasure, if you attend to the rules of politeness, than in reading your egregious flattery. Your suppositions have no reference to this subject, as I am convinced he made no allusions to those who are not in the habit of practising the evils mentioned—But this is foreign to the point.

You lament that a youth should have been led into company the most abandoned.—"Ladies, for decency's sake pause!" Look back where this defender (heaven preserve the defended) actually advises "if any persons are adverse to proceedings of *that* kind, let him seek such company as will conform more to his wishes."

I wish not to take advantage of detached pieces, I say *that kind* he alludes to here is *whispering*, but he declares at the close of his letter, he is persuaded "he should not be entitled to the thanks of one estimable female if he *attempted to confute the gross charges* (whispering, snickering, &c.) contained in the *publication*." This is a trick upon words with a vengeance.

Now, Ladies, I must candidly confess, that I am heartily glad "the Young Bachelor" mentioned those circumstances, and the defender of the Rights of Woman, added *pinching*; for they are species of ill-breeding, and ought to be discouraged; they might tend to lead astray the "*young and inexperienced*." Tho' there are few among you who are guilty of the like, yet those who are, certainly come under the lash of severe censure, and on this ground I have made these few remarks, and in consideration of the rising generation, I think it highly expedient, that those vices should be shewn in their native deformity.

PHILO-DECORUM.

The Contemplator, No. 6.

"Oh! stretch thy reign, fair PEACE! from shore to shore." POPE.

THE friends of humanity had great reason to rejoice at the termination of differences between the European powers. After years of tumult and contention, surfeited with blood and slaughter, they laid aside the sword, to recruit their strength, almost exhausted by so many battles. The citizen of the world, the philanthrophist, every good and virtuous man, of whatever description, all hailed with joy the prospect of a general peace. What a still greater cause of joy must it have been to the natives of those countries which were the immediate scenes of war! Men deprecate evils in proportion as they are more or less affected by them; they feel the effects of war in proportion as they are more nearly situated to the scene of tumult; therefore, those Americans who remember, and have been engaged in those scenes of horror which our country witnessed, can best judge what must be the joy of Europeans at the conclusion of peace. They can judge what must be their happiness at the restoration of tranquillity, when each man can sit down "under his own vine, and his own fig-tree, and have none to make him afraid." The evils attendant on war, the devastation which it causes, the desolation of countries before fertile and flourishing, have been amply delineated by writers of every description.

When after battle, I the field have seen,
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death, and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes:
How was I shock'd, to think the hero's trade,
Of such materials, fame and honour, made.

YOUNG.

The late war has exhibited scenes of bloodshed, at which the feelings of nature revolt. On the plains of Austria, how often have its countrymen fallen, and deluged with their blood its soil! Torn from their homes, what thousands of men were dragged to the inhospitable shores of Egypt! there to fight, not for their own agrandizement or honour, but for the glory of their masters; to shed the blood of the natives, and mingling with it their own, soon to fall the victims of ambition. Battles and diseases swept them away indiscriminately; the earth covers their bodies, and all remembrance of them will soon be obliterated. Their names and actions, virtues and vices, will soon be as much forgotten as though they had never existed. The traveller, in future days, on arriving at those plains of Egypt, memorable by former battles, will have full subject for contemplation. He may say, in the elegant and affecting language of GRAY, (which is not inappropriate to the subject,)

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
And wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Behold the troops of Buonaparte, spreading desolation in the hitherto happy country of Switzerland! Terror and devastation follow his steps! he enslaves a people to whom Liberty had hitherto been sacred! The labours of a TELL are here overturned, the blood of his followers shed in vain. Than them no people seemed better calculated for the enjoyment of freedom, both from disposition, and the situation of their country; which, almost surrounded by lofty mountains, seemed intended for the abode of liberty. The man of humanity must deeply commiserate their situation,—must feel a spirit of indignation towards their oppressor. That the ambition of one man should cause the misery of thousands,—that the ambition of one man should sink thousands to an untimely grave, to us short-sighted mortals, appears a truly lamentable circumstance.

Should the enquirer ask, what advantages have the contending powers received more than equal to their losses? The answer must be, None! The life of man is a scene of attempts and schemes for the attainment of certain ends which he proposes to accomplish, and which generally prove unsuccessful. Whatever may be his object, whether he desires dominion or happiness, he finds himself disappointed; or, if he is happy for a time, his happiness is not of long duration; and although he attempts to guard against future ills, yet he is often overwhelmed with difficulties, by the very means he takes to avoid them.

"……Multos in summa pericula misit,
"Venturi timor ipse mali……"

Peruse the history of Europe for the two last centuries, observe the sacrifices of men and treasure caused by a desire to keep up a balance of power, long since crumbled to dust. Charles the XII. of Sweden, in his pursuit of glory, lavished the blood and fortunes of his subjects; he went on from success to success, and determined, by overturning the power of the Czar, firmly to establish his glory, and be in future ages the admiration of mankind. In the attempt he fell the victim of his own temerity, and

He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

So fell in antient days, Cæsar, who like him, was desirous of universal dominion.... And is not such the fate that should attend the votaries of ambition?

But there is no event recorded in history, which more fully shows the vanity of human works, than the French Revolution. That enthusiasm which prompted Frenchmen to overturn the altar and the throne, and, guided by wicked men, to deluge their country with blood, was but of short duration; and their attempt to gain liberty, has placed them in a state of greater subjection than they were before. Since that revolution, to the late peace, Europe has been in a continual scene of disorder....May the genius of humanity avert, may she prohibit a renewal of the war! And may we not find that the present calm is but a prelude to future horrors! PHILADELPHUS.

The quotation from Virgil, in the last number of the Contemplator, should read thus:

Hæret lateri letbalis arundo;

Though, by error of the press, *laten* is put for *lateri*, and *anindo* for *arundo*. P.

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

(CONTINUED.)

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

THOSE, indeed, who from a state of excessive suffering are suddenly relieved, and restored to ease of body and mind, may, at the time, feel more joy from that ease than they would have felt from the greatest positive pleasure; but then that joy will be transient indeed, since it arises only from a comparison of past sufferings, the sense of which is quickly lost; and as soon as the mind returns to its natural state, it feels again the want of that enjoyment for which it was formed, and becomes miserable, not from any positive sufferings, but merely from the want of happiness.

Those who take pleasure in arguments which answer no other purpose than to exercise their ingenuity, may amuse themselves with disputing whether this inextinguishable thirst after happiness be really a desirable gift, and whether it might not have been happier for man, to have been formed without that activity of mind which prompts him continually to seek for some enjoyment. But to those who feel its force, it is surely a more important point to enquire how it may best be satisfied; and whether it may not be possible to regulate those affections which they cannot suppress, and, by directing them to proper objects, to find in them a source of happiness, which, though it can neither prevent sufferings, nor take away the sense of them, may yet be felt at the same time, and serve in a great degree to counterbalance the effect of them.

It must, I believe, be allowed, that every man, who reflects on his own situation, will find that it has its pleasures and its pains,—unmixed happiness or misery not being the lot of this life, but reserved for a future state. The happiness of life must then be estimated by the proportion its joys bear to its sorrows; and if what has been before supposed concerning the state of the mind, be just, he will not be found to be the happiest man who has the fewest sorrows, but he whose joys overbalance his sorrows in the greatest degree.

This then should be our aim in the pursuit of happiness:—not to conquer the sense of suffering, for that is impossible; not to suppress our desires and hopes, for that (if it were possible) would only debase the mind, not make it happy; but to cultivate every faculty of the soul which may prove a source of innocent delight; to endeavour as far as possible to keep the mind open to a sense of pleasure, instead of sullenly rejecting all, because we cannot enjoy exactly what we wish;—above all, to secure to ourselves a lasting fund of real pleasures, which may compensate those afflictions they cannot prevent, and make us not insensible, but happy in the midst of them.

It is very certain that nothing can fully do this, except Religion, and the glorious prospects it offers to our hopes; this is the only foundation of lasting happiness, the only source of never-failing comfort. While our best affections are fixed on any thing in this world, they must always give us pain, because they will find nothing which can fully satisfy them; but when once they are fixed on Infinite Perfection, as their ultimate object, the subordinate exercises of them will furnish many sources of pleasure and advantage, and should be cultivated both with a view to present and future happiness.

It seems strange to observe, that there are few, if any, in the world, who enjoy all the blessings which are bestowed upon them, and make their situation in life as

happy as it might be. Wherever the selfish passions are indulged to excess, this must always be the consequence; for none can be happy while they make others miserable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

On Religion.

RELIGION opens the mind, enlarges our prospects of future bliss, and in a holy transport of soul, carries it on the wings of faith to the ever-blooming fields of happiness, above all created enjoyments. She exhibits this world in its true colours, stript of its delusive veil, and delineates that beyond the grave in its genuine grandeur.

The pleasures which Religion affords, are founded on a rock, whose foundations can never be removed, while those exhibited by Vice, are built on the fluctuating quicksand of wavering opinion. Religion is an inexhaustless source of comfort to all in whose heart she sways her golden sceptre; and hence it is, that they are so cheerful, even when precarious fortune denies her smiles, or disappointments blast the buds of their most sanguine expectations, they glory in being possessed of riches, infinitely superior to all the pageantry of state, or the fleeting glories of an earthly crown,—the unsearchable riches of their redeeming Saviour, whose amount archangels cannot sum. Nor will their happiness vanish, or be lessened, when the soul is in the trying hour of death; on the contrary, they are of all mankind most happy, and meet death with composure and satisfaction, their faith supports them in the agonies of death, and throws a mantle over all its horrors: before this period, they saw their bliss thro' the veil of mortality, but this being now withdrawn, it beams in full radiance on the deathless soul. Thus, they triumph in the hour of death, and their heart exults at the prospects of future bliss.

Such, nay, infinitely more is the joy which pervades the Christian's soul, when she soars from the scenes of mortality to the regions of light, there to bask forever in the radiance of celestial day, there to drink of the rivers of endless pleasure, which gently glide thro' the heavenly Eden, where they will be filled with all the fulness of God. But we must leave this pleasing topic, and consider the unhappiness of the irreligious, the mournful part of our subject. These make a mock of Christianity, and look upon its votaries as ignorant of the value or enjoyments of life; these doubtless are in pursuit of pleasure, but she eludes their hopes and baffles their most sanguine expectations, for what they enjoy in the ways of sin, are so far below the dignity of a rational being, that it does not deserve the name of pleasure; they have neither principles nor temper which can stand the assault of trouble; they have no principles, which lead them to look beyond the ordinary relation of events, and therefore when misfortunes assail them, the prospect must be comfortless on every side. Their crimes have disqualified them for looking up to the assistance of any higher power than their own ability, and for relying on any better guide than their own wisdom; so in a temper corrupted by prosperity, they find no relief, and from principle they can derive no support. Luxurious and effeminate, they can bear no uneasiness,—proud and presumptuous, they can brook no opposition. By nourishing dispositions which so little suit this uncertain state, they have infused a double portion of bitterness into the cup of woe, they have sharpened the edge of that sword which is lifted up to smite them; strangers to all the temperate satisfaction of a good and pure mind; strangers to every pleasure, except what is seasoned by vice or vanity, their adversity is to the last degree unsupportable. Health and opulence are the pillars on which they rest their support, shake either of them, and their whole edifice of hope and comfort falls. Prostrate and forlorn, they are left on the ground, without one ray of hope to cheer their fallen state. Then we shall hear them condemn, what they once approved; wish, but alas in vain, for an opportunity of repairing their shattered bark, thrown by the whirlpool of vice, on the rocks of destruction, and expecting every moment to be swallowed by the gulph of perdition.

ABARIS.

The Anecdotist, No. 4.

ORIENTALS.—CONCLUDED.

AS Hegiage, the minister of Abdalmelic, Caliph of Syria, and one of the most ferocious governors that ever tyrannized over Medina, was walking one day in the country, he met with an Arab of the desert, who did not know him; and asked him, what kind of a man that Hegiage was who was talked of so much?

"He is a monster," replied the Arab, who thirsts for blood."

"Do you not know me?" asked the minister.

"No," said the Arab.

"Learn, then, that I am that Hegiage, of whom you speak so insolently."

"And do you not know me?" answered the other; without appearing intimidated or confused.

"No."

"I am of the family of the Zobier, all the descendants of which are mad three days in the year; and this day is one of the three."

Hegiage laughed, and gave the man a peice of money as a reward for his presence of mind.

A King asked an astrologer how much longer he had to live? the astrologer answered, ten years. The king was very much perplexed, and fell upon his bed as tho' he had been sick. The vizier, who was a very sensible man, sent for the astrologer, and asked him before the king, how many years of his own life still remained. He answered, "Twenty years." The Vizier instantly had the astrologer slain in the king's presence. The king's mind was restored to rest; he admired the vizier's penetration, and never again listened to astrologers.

A Person who was going along hungry, saw an Arab eating food by the side of a pond, whom he approached, and said, "I am come from your house." "My wife, child and camel," asked the Arab, "are they all well?"—"Yes."—The Arab being satisfied, did not look again at him." The man then began saying, "O Arab! this dog which is now lying down in your presence, is such an one as yours, had he been still living. The Arab raised up his head and asked, "what was the cause of my dog's death?"—"He eat a great deal of your camel's flesh."—"How came the camel to die?"—"Your wife died, after which no one gave him either grass, corn or water."—"How came my wife to die?"—"She wept very much in her grief for your son, and smote her head and breast with a stone."—"How did my son die?"—"The house fell in upon him." When the Arab heard this detail of the ruin of his family, he flung dust on his head, and went away.—And by this contrivance the man got a dinner.

A Person having lost a bag of dinars in his own house, complained to the Cazy.—The Cazy summoned all the people of the house, and gave each of them a piece of stick, all of equal lengths, and said that whoever was the thief, his stick would be longer than the rest by a finger's breadth. When he had sent them away, the person who had com-

mitted the theft, being seized with fear, cut off a finger's breadth from his stick. Next day the Cazy called them together, and examined the sticks, and presently knew the the thief, from whom he recovered the bag of dinars.

—

A King being angry with a Poet, ordered the executioner to put him to death in his presence. While the executioner went to fetch a sword, the poet said to the bye-standers, "While they are bringing the sword, give me some slaps, to divert his majesty." The king smiled, and pardoned him.

—

A Man in a dream, had an interview with the devil, to whom he gave a slap on his face, and seizing his beard, said, "O accursed! thou art the enemy of mankind, and in order to impose upon us, you wear a long beard!" Upon giving him another slap, he awoke, and found his own beard in his hand.

—

A Young Prince, playing with several of his pages, said to one of them, jokingly, "I make you king of such a place."

"What has your highness done?" exclaimed his preceptor.

"It is only a joke," replied the prince.

"Sir," said his preceptor, "the word of a prince must never be esteemed a joke, you have made this young man a king, and he must be so. You cannot recal what your lips have pronounced of him.

The nomination of the young page to the dignity of king, was in consequence confered on him.

PHILADELPHIA,
MAY 28, 1803.

Benevolent Society.

☞ THE members of the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY are informed, that the next Monthly Address will be delivered this evening, precisely at half past 7 o'clock, at their usual place of meeting, in the school-room, adjoining the Presbyterian Church, corner of Third and Arch-streets.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, as business of moment will be laid before the Society.

N. B. Admittance for strangers.

By order of the Society,
ROBT. GETTY. *Sec'ry.*

—

☞ ON Sunday morning next, a Sermon will be delivered in St. Augustine's church, in Fourth near Vine-streets, by the Rev. Mr. CARR, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the Benevolent Society. Service to begin at the usual hour.

INTELLIGENCE.

—

ACCIDENT.—(COMMUNICATION.)

A Gentleman of this city, being engaged on board a vessel from which the cargo was landing promiscuously, went on deck, and whilst stepping on a plank which laid over the hatch-way, with one end on the scuttle, sunk into the hold, being then 15 feet deep. He was much injured by the precipitation, but we hope not mortally. W.

—

ISAAC T. HOPPER having declined accepting the appointment under the Board of Health to superintend the removal of nuisances, Samuel Goodman is appointed to fill the vacancy.

—

COUNTERFEIT GOLD!

THE public are cautioned to be careful in the receipt of counterfeit Gold Ten Dollar Pieces of the United States, as many are in circulation of the date of 1795. The counterfeit may on examination be easily discovered by attending to the following particulars:—The head is badly executed, being much larger than the real piece—the size of the metal is also larger—in the word United, the letter U is clumsy, and in the word Liberty, the letter B is perceptibly lower than the I and the E; in the word States, there is also a great deficiency in the letter S being considerably lower than the foregoing letters of the word.

—

A tremenduous Hail-storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, has been experienced at Frederick-town (Mar.) on the 16th inst. It lasted about 20 minutes. The hail was uncommonly large, some of it measuring 3½ inches in circumference; and has done considerable damage in the town and neighbourhood.

—

A new Law in France respecting DIVORCE.

In the laws respecting Divorce, in the new civil code of France, a woman divorced on account of adultry, is prohibited from marrying her paramour. Persons divorced by mutual consent must have been two years married, and not more than twenty; the husband twenty-five, and the wife twenty-one, or not above forty-five. After application for divorce by consent, a year's trial must elapse, and the parties cannot marry again for three years.

—

Gen. KOSCIUSCO now lives in modest retirement in a country house near Paris.—Since the fate of his country was ultimately determined, it seems as if he was not the same man: his looks, formerly pale and sallow, are now fresh and healthy. He now enters with gaiety into all the enjoyments and all the common pleasures of life. He has ceased to carry the snuff-box, on which was painted a ship shattered by the storm, with the motto, "My poor country." His friends and countrymen at Paris, regularly celebrate the anniversary of his birth-day.

—

It has been remarked in Turkey, that of those persons who have been vaccinated, not a single one has been attacked by the plague.

—

The Funeral of Klopstock, the poet.

On Thursday, Mar. 22, the remains of the poet Klopstock were solemnly interred at Ottensen, a village adjoining Altona, in the grave of his first wife, who was buried there 30 years ago. The funeral was attended by the Senate of Hamburg, and many of the foreign ministers and most distinguished inhabitants of that city, in upwards of 100 carriages. A selection of sacred music, taken from the Poet's own works, and composed by the greatest masters, was performed on the occasion: the vocal parts were entirely executed by upwards of 80 young ladies, of the first families of Hamburgh and Altona. Innumerable crowds of spectators shewed the interest they took in this last tribute to this most distinguished ornament to their country. The weather was highly favourable, and the sun, which the deceased has sung in immortal strains, shone serene and cheerful on his coffin. [*Hum. Pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 22d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *John Sisty*, of this city, bookbinder, to Miss *Hannah Pippitt*, late of Mount-holly.

———, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, *Moses Griffing*, of this city, to Miss *Ann Rape*, of New-Jersey.

Deaths.

DIED, at Lauriston, (Scotland) on the 19th Jan. the Rev. Dr. *John Erskine*, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was born on the 2d of June, 1721: was licensed to preach in 1742; was ordained minister of the parish of Kirkintillock, in 1744; was translated to Culross, in 1754; and to Edinburgh, in 1758. He was the son of John Erskine, esq. of Carnock, afterwards of Cardross, advocate, Professor of the Law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh, and author of those learned Works on that subject, which are of the first authority and character.

On the occasion of his death, a young gentleman, residing at Edinburgh, writes as follows:—"Dr. Erskine was small of statute, and thro' his whole life was extremely delicate,—this however did not prevent a diligent attention to his studies. His memory was so retentive, that on the most superficial reading of a book, he could communicate great part of its contents. He was a perfect master of the learned languages, and few modern languages were unknown to him. His acquaintance with the Scriptures was thorough, and he modelled his life on the precepts they inculcated.

But it was not to books alone Dr. Erskine applied himself; he read mankind with a penetrating eye; and with great skill could trace the various windings of the human heart. In conversation he was easy and instructive; and in consoling the mourner he was peculiarly happy, having himself studied often and long in the school of adversity. Scarce any man had experienced more afflictions, and none ever sustained them better.—justly may the words of the blessed Saviour concerning John the Baptist, be applied to this distinguished servant of the LORD—HE WAS A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT."

——, on the 24th inst. *Jacob Lawerswoeler*, esq. late a respectable merchant of this city, after a lingering illness, in the 49th year of his age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Minerva's reply to *Ann Lively* in our next.

Several other communications are received, and a number on file, which will be disposed of according to their merit.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MORNING.

(SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN.)

LO! the sun o'er yonder mountain
Streaks with gold the azure sky,
To the mossy bubbling fountain
See the playful lambkins hie.

Yonder see the white-wash'd cottage,
Shaded by the fragrant vine;
There the circling honey-suckles
With sweet jessamine entwine.

Now each inmate of the mansion
Joyfully to labour goes;
Will to th' barn to mind his threshing,
And rosy *Bet* to milk her cows.

Then the mower, in the valley,
Lays the fields, with verdure clad;
O'er yon stile see charming *Sally*
Chatting with her bonny lad.

See the rosy mirthful children,
Health depicted in each face,
Attract the eyes of all the sportsmen
Riding forth to join the chace.

Through the woodlands loudly sounding,
Hear the echo-waking horn,
O'er the heath the stag is bounding....
Joys like these attend the MORN.

PUER.

SELECTED.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

By Robert Bloomfield.

WITH lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.

O, hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form: he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou can'st see him still.
Yet why a lonely wand'rer stray,
Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

O Edward! when we stroll'd along,
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn;
To thy fond words my heart repli'd,
(My presence then could move)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
To gaze and talk of love!"

Thou art not false—that cannot be—
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou—
We'll brush the dews away.

INSCRIPTION

In the Garden at Nuneham in Oxfordshire (England.)

TO THE MEMORY OF

WALTER DARK, FLORIST,

Who died suddenly near this spot.

By Whitehead.

ON him whose very soul was here,
Whose duteous, careful, constant toil,
Has varied with the varied year,
To make the gay profusion smile;

Whose harmless life in silent flow
Within these circling shades has past,
What happier death could Heav'n bestow,
Than in these shades to breathe his last?

'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
Has earth receiv'd him in her breast;
Still near beside the scenes he lov'd,
In holy ground his relics rest.

Each clambering woodbine, flaunting rose,
Which round yon tow'r he taught to wave,
With every fragrant briar that blows,
Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
Shall with chaste fingers chaplets tie,
Due honours to the rural dead,
And emblems of mortality.

Each village swain that passes by,
A sigh shall to his mem'ry give;
For sure his death demands a sigh,
Whose life instructs them how to live.

If spirits walk, as fabling age
Relates to childhood's wond'ring ear,
Full oft does Fancy dare presage,
Shall Walter's faithful shade be here:
Athwart yon glade at Night's pale noon,
Full oft shall glide with busy feet,
And by the glimmering of the moon
Revisit each belov'd retreat:

Perhaps the task, on earth he knew,
Resume, correct the gading spray,
Brush from the plants the sickly dew,
Or chace the noxious worm away.

The bursting buds shall gladlier grow,
No midnight blasts the flowers shall fear;
And many a fair effect shall show
At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, every morn in times to come,
If quainter ringlets curl the shade,
If richer breezes breathe perfume,
If softer swell the verdant glade:

If neatness charm a thousand ways,
Till nature, almost art, appear,
Tradition's constant, fav'rite theme
Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.*

By Collins.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fa'ys shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend its little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempest shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase in every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

NOTE.

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